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SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1863.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

LAST NIGHT.

The Opera Season positively terminates THIS EVENING (SATURDAY).

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LAST NIGHT OF "FAUST."

TO-NIGHT (SATURDAY), LAST TIME, GOUNOD'S Celebrated Opera,

FAUST.

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Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

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The Travelling expenses of the Candidates, who shall be summoned to the trial, will be paid by the Dean and Chapter.
College, Durham, 23rd July, 1863.

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OUR COTEMPORARIES.

[The Times gives the following summary of the Royal Italian Opera Season.]

The 17th season of the Royal Italian Opera terminated on Saturday night with a performance comprising Donizetti's *La Figlia del Reggimento* and the ballet *divertissement of Azelia*. The house was brilliantly attended, and the opera was received with every mark of favor. The characters in *La Figlia* were sustained by Mdle. Adelina Patti (Maria), Madame Tagliafico (the Marchioness), Signor Neri Baraldi (Tonio), Signor Ciampi (Sulpizio), and Signor Patriossi (Ortensio)—to whom should, in all fairness, be added Mr. W. H. Payne, as *Tambour Major*, for assuredly such a life-like and characteristic *Tambour Major* was never before witnessed out of the lines of a veritable French regiment. With Maria Mdle. Adelina Patti has completed the triad of Donizetti's comic masterpieces. Better than her Norina, or than her Adina, it could hardly be, but it is at least as good as either—which is equivalent to saying that no Maria has surpassed it on the London Italian boards. Next season, owing to the remarkable completeness with which it is placed upon the stage, and the additional attraction put forth in the accredited report that Signor Ronconi is to be the Sulpizio, there is every possibility of *La Figlia del Reggimento* becoming one of the stock pieces of the repertory. We may, consequently, reserve for a future occasion the agreeable task of commenting upon Mdle. Patti's very original and delightful impersonation of a part which has tested the powers of so many distinguished artists, from the time when "Jenny Lind" first took the town by storm. Enough that the youthful *prima donna* never experienced a more flattering reception, and that (to pass over the compliments paid her in the course of the performance) at the end of the opera she was twice called, the second time coming on alone, to be cheered and applauded by the whole house. Then, in obedience to a unanimous summons, Mr. Costa appeared—a most just tribute to his talent and exertions; and, lastly, "God save the Queen" was sung, Mdle. Patti undertaking the solo verses, and singing them not only admirably well in a musical sense, but in as good English as though—instead of a Spaniard sprung from Italian parents—she had been an Englishwoman born. To all who have listened to the frequent massacres of our National Anthem by foreign artists this was indeed a treat.

The season of 1863—which will be remembered on account of the first "State visit" of the Prince and Princess of Wales (April 28th)—the opera, *Masaniello*—has not been marked by an extraordinary number of startling incidents. The prospectus spoke of no less than nine new singers. Three of these—Mdle. Maurensi, Madame De Maffei, and Signor Ferenesi—made no appearance. In revenge we had a barytone whose name was not included in the list. Signor Colonnese—who came forward as the elder Germont, in *La Traviata*—was accredited with a fine voice, but not with the faculty of singing in tune, nor, indeed, with even the most moderate skill in using it. No other part was allotted him and his very name was speedily forgotten. Mdle. Elvira Demi only played once. The opera selected for her *début* was *Martha*, her performance in which, as the Lady Enrichetta (Martha, No. 1) was voted beneath mediocrity; and it was only through a great stretch of courtesy on the part of the audience—wrought up, moreover, into an unusually indulgent mood by the fine singing of Signor Mario—that Mdle. Demi was allowed to proceed beyond the second act. Scarcely more fortunate was Signor Caffieri, who, nevertheless, came from Wiesbaden with the reputation of the best representative of M. Gounod's Faust on the banks of the Rhine. A German by birth, Signor Caffieri, had passed the ordeal of some of the most musical of the Italian cities; but he failed to win the good graces of the Royal Italian Opera audience so entirely that the manager intrusted him with no second part, and even restored that with which he had made his *début*—Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*—to its old and rightful owner, Signor Tamberlik. Thus Signor Caffieri went the way of Signor Colonnese and Mdle. Demi, and his name was no more mentioned. Signor Naudin (already somewhat favorably known at Her Majesty's Theatre) was far more successful, and proved a hopeful auxiliary in the business of the season. He came out on the first night (April 7) as *Masaniello*, and, in spite of a certain French tendency to overdraw sentiment, which, combined with his French patronymic, caused many to doubt the fact of his being an Italian, produced a decidedly favorable impression—an impression by no means disturbed or weakened by his subsequent performances, in Pollio (*Norma*), the Duke of Mantua (*Rigoletto*), Alfredo (*La Traviata*), Ernesto (*Don Pasquale*), and Nemorino (*L'Elisir d'Amore*). In the last two named characters Signor Naudin had the unthankful task of acting as a substitute for that universal favorite, Signor Mario, who, though advertised for both, with the caprice which is too often the attribute of "universal favorites," found himself at the eleventh hour "indisposed"—indisposed to aid Mr. Gye in keeping faith with the public. Signor Mario may be here advised that his refusal this season to play no less than three parts set

down for him by the director is by no means viewed with indifference by the patrons of an establishment to which, whatever it may owe to his services, he himself is still more deeply indebted. The operas of *La Traviata*, *Don Pasquale*, *L'Elisir d'Amore* suffered materially by the withdrawal, at the last moment, of Signor Mario's name from the bills. Nor has it been satisfactorily explained why he resigned the part of the Duke, in *Rigoletto*, in which he is incomparable; or why the attractions of *La Gazza Ladra* should not have been strengthened by his co-operation, in a part so eminently suited to him as that of the young soldier, Gianetto—a part which Rubini frequently played, and which, at one period, was not disdained by Signor Mario. Though we should be loth to see anyone else in the character of Raoul de Nangis, it is not the less a fact, very generally recognized, that the music of the *Huguenots* is now, in many places, too great a strain upon his voice; and the only way Signor Mario can atone for this is by lending his powerful aid in some of the more popular Italian operas, which, as eminently the chief of Italian singers, he could do with no less dignity to himself than advantage to the manager. It is hard, indeed, that Mr. Gye should be repeatedly and severely blamed for what is not in any way his fault, but the fault of Signor Mario—"enfant gâté," in the widest acceptance of the phrase. No longer to digress, however, the other two new singers who answered to their names were pre-eminently happy.

Mdle. Fioretti—who came out as Elvira (*I Puritani*), and afterwards appeared as Gilda (*Rigoletto*), Violetta (*La Traviata*), and Martha (Martha No. 2), till, being announced for Isabella in *Robert le Diable*, she mysteriously disappeared, to the chagrin of a large number of amateurs, who had hailed her as little less than a second Persiani—was appreciated from the first, and obtained, perhaps, as legitimate acceptance as any singer since Angiolina Bosio. Without any personal attractions, and scarcely passing mediocrity as an actress, Mdle. Fioretti made way exclusively perforce of distinguished vocal attainments. Her sudden departure, the cause of which has never been publicly explained, was a sensible loss to the company. Good singers in the genuine Italian school are now, unhappily, rare; and Mdle. Fioretti could, therefore, ill be spared. Mdle. Pauline Lucca—whose brilliant success as Valentine, in the *Huguenots*, is of so recent occurrence that little more need be said of her in this place—is an artist of a wholly different stamp, possesses qualities in which Mdle. Fioretti was deficient, and lacking others with which Mdle. Fioretti was eminently endowed. In this young lady Mr. Gye has, there is every reason to believe, drawn a new prize; and her progress next season will be followed by all who take an interest in the opera with earnest and watchful interest. Mdle. Fioretti has fled, and Mdle. Adelina Patti, with all her versatility, cannot possibly undertake every part in the repertory; Mdle. Lucca—if she equals anticipation, as there is little reason to doubt she will—has, therefore, a career before her which may be advantageous in an equal measure to herself and to the theatre. Thus much for the new comers.

The exertions of Mdle. Adelina Patti have been unremitting; and it is no more than truth to say that she was the "star" of the season. Mdle. Patti has added four new parts to her already brilliant catalogue—viz., Leonora in *La Traviata*, Ninetta in *La Gazza Ladra*, Adina in *L'Elisir*, and Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*—every one a real success. In addition to these, she has appeared, oftener than we have leisure to enumerate, as Amina, Rosina, Martha (Martha No. 3), Adina (*Don Pasquale*) and Zerlina. A second and very different, though in its way not less charming Zerlina—the Zerlina of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*—was set down for Mdle. Patti in the prospectus; but, unhappily, Signor Mario, who was to have played the irresistible brigand chief, was—not "indisposed," this time, but, which amounts to much the same thing, "unprepared." Thus the new Zerlina—to say nothing of the old Lord Allicash, who was wont to set the house in a roar (Signor Ronconi, at hand too, which made it the more vexatious)—became lost to the subscribers. Another cause for disappointment was the silence of Meyerbeer's delightful pastoral, *Dinorah*, after the extraordinary impression created by Mdle. Patti, near the end of last season, in the character of the dreamy and romantic heroine.

Mdle. Antonietta Fricki—a clever young lady, but hardly fitted to shine as "*prima donna seria assoluta*" in such an establishment as the Royal Italian Opera—can neither be said to have advanced or retrograded in public favor. Her Norma was tolerable, if no more; her Alice, if not all that can be desired, better in every respect. Norma is a terrible ordeal for any artist of less than the highest attainments, while the "Diva" is not only in the land of the living, but hovering about the theatre—to which, and to its patrons, she has twice bid a formal "adieu"—with an irresistible desire (as it is bruited abroad) to say "good-bye" once more, in a third "limited" series of representations; and assuredly Mdle. Fricki is not the one to make us quickly forget Giulia Grisi, who, but the other day, in St. James's Hall, sang so well and awakened such enthusiasm, at the concert of Signor Ciabatta. Madame Milan-Carvalho has only appeared in one character—the

heroine of M. Gounod's *Faust*, here newly-baptized *Faust e Margherita*; Mdle. Maria Battu has given more or less satisfaction in such parts as Elvira (*Masaniello*), Matilde (*Guillaume Tell*) and Margaret de Valois (the *Huguenots*); while Madame Nantier Didiée (in whose place a Madame Lustani has more than once officiated) as Maddalena (*Rigoletto*), Pippo (*La Gazza Ladra*), Nancy (*Martha*), Urbain (the *Huguenots*), &c., fully sustained her popularity as the liveliest of singing *soubrettes* and the sauciest of singing pages—added to which she has repeated her well-known assumption of Azucena, and (in consequence, we presume, of the protracted absence of Madame Csillag), with laudable ambition, appropriated to herself the distressed mother in the *Prophète*—one of the grandest creations of Meyerbeer. Madame Tagliafico has been diligent and useful, as of yore, in the various little parts assigned to her; Mdle. Dottini, besides playing the Queen in *I Puritani*, Adalgisa in *Norma*, and Bertha in the *Prophète*, has usurped the part of Gemmy in *Guillaume Tell*, (successively assumed by Mdle. Amalia Corbari and Madame Rudersdorff); and Madame Rudersdorff, has almost, if not quite exclusively, been condemned to recount the griefs and endure the rebuffs of the unfortunate Elvira, Don Giovanni's cast-off mistress. Signor Ronconi, of whom severe illness deprived us last year, brought to light again some of the most inimitable impersonations of the operatic stage—among the rest his Figaro (*Barbiere*); his Dulcamara; his Rigoletto; his Podestà (*La Gazza Ladra*); and, last and least (in importance if not in excellence) his Masetto. To these he has added Dr. Malatesta (*Don Pasquale*), which may be described in a sentence as the best we have ever seen. Signor Ronconi, it is true, sings often out of tune—a habit that now would seem ineradicable; but, notwithstanding this defect—which, to any other singer, would be fatal—he is, we repeat, inimitable, and invariably wins the sympathies of his audience—except, of course, in such parts as Giorgio (*I Puritani*), which are wholly unsuited to him, and for which he should never, under any circumstances, be cast. When Signor Ronconi is gone, who shall replace him? Certainly not Signor Ciampi—his hard-working but by no means satisfactory substitute in more than one character last season—whose diligence can scarcely make up for a prevailing dryness, which, this year, for instance, was but poor atonement for the entire want of humor in his Dr. Bartolo, Don Pasquale, Sulpizio, and other characters; not Signor Graziani, who, despite his beautiful voice, has no dramatic talent, either serious or comic; and not M. Faure, who, though a barytone, is unsuited to any of the parts traditionally allotted to Signor Ronconi. Signor Graziani has done very little this season; for, though he was the Valentine in *Faust*, his principal exploits (as for years past, indeed) have been the Count di Luna in *Il Trovatore*, whose *cavatina*, “Il balen del suo sorriso,” no one else has ever sung, or is likely to sing, so well, and Plunkett (*Martha*), with the redoubtable song in praise of “Beer.” M. Faure, on the contrary, has been unremittingly active, and rendered most important services to the management. It is enough to point to this very clever artist's repeated impersonations of Guillaume Tell, Don Giovanni, Ferdinand (*La Gazza Ladra*), Pietro (*Masaniello*), St. Bris (the *Huguenots*), and last—perhaps best—Mephistopheles, to remind our musical readers of the value of his co-operation. M. Faure's compatriot, M. Obin, from the Grand Opera in Paris (who, by the way, should have been noticed among the new comers), only appeared twice—as Bertram, in *Robert le Diable*; and then, like Mdle. Fioretti, vanished without a warning. M. Obin's departure, however, was, we believe, inevitable, his assistance in the revival of Signor Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes* being required by the manager of the Paris Opera, and his engagement with Mr. Gye merely, as we are informed, provisional. Signor Tagliafico has been, as ever, invaluable in the varied repertory of quasi-subordinate parts that fall within his sphere—such, for example, as Rodolfo (*La Sonnambula*), Basilio (*Il Barbiere*), Gessler (*Guillaume Tell*), Sparafucile (*Rigoletto*), Lord Tristan (*Martha*), Count Oberthal (the *Prophète*), and Belcore (*L'Elisir*)—not forgetting his unequalled Commendatore, in the dramatic *chef d'œuvre* of Mozart. Herr Formes has appeared, from time to time, and though his great part of Bertram, in *Robert*, was given to M. Obin, took a fair revenge subsequently when it was restored to him, and a still fairer as the Huguenot, Marcel, of which personage he is still the most characteristic representative. Moreover, Herr Formes was of no little importance to the frequent performances of *Don Giovanni*, in which opera he presented us, as formerly, with the veritable Leporello of German tendencies and traditions. The careful and painstaking M. Zelger was announced for Oroveso and other parts, in the early season; but indisposition deprived the public of his subsequent services. Signor Tamberlik, whose splendid singing as Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell*, whose “Il mio tesoro,” the grand feature of his Ottavio, and whose superb declamation as Jean of Leyden, in the *Prophète*, and as Robert, in *Robert le Diable*, were never more admired, only obtained one new part—that of Faust in M. Gounod's singularly successful opera, a part not favorable to the exhibition of those fine qualities which, in the characters we have mentioned, in Otello, and several others unnecessary to specify, he displays with such remarkable effect. To Signor Mario

allusion has been made; but it is only just to add that his incomparable performance of Count Almaviva, which warranted frequent representations of the never-tiring *Barbiere*; the impassioned feeling he threw into the music of Manrico, on the night when Mdle. Patti made her memorable appearance as the Leonora of Signor Verdi's most popular opera; his exquisite singing in the trio, “Buona notte,” the air, “M'appari tutt' amor,” and other passages allotted to Lionello, the sentimental farmer, in *Martha*; and, lastly, his picturesque and noble acting as Raoul de Nangis would have covered a multitude of sins—many more, indeed, than those with which it has been our unwelcome duty to charge him. Let Signor Mario consent to forget that he has long been the “enfant gâté” of the public, play the parts assigned to him, and thus prove, not only how valuable, but how indispensable—for who knows how long hence—his services may be to the management. Another very zealous and painstaking artist, Signor Neri Baraldi, who—though over-weighted in such parts as Arturo, in the *Puritani*, and Elvino, in the *Sonnambula*, for which a Rubini is wanted, or, in the absence of a Rubini, one, like Signor Mario, who can act as well as Rubini could sing, and though, once or twice, as was the case with Signor Naudin, put forward unexpectedly where Signor Mario was expected—has been extremely useful, on more than one occasion, in characters to which he may reasonably aspire. The unimportant tasks assigned from time to time to Madame Anese, Signors Lucchesi, Rossi, Polonini, Capponi, &c., were, in almost every instance, competently fulfilled.

Besides the operas incidentally alluded to in the course of the foregoing remarks—19 in all—viz., *Masaniello*, *I Puritani*, *Norma*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Rigoletto*, *La Traviata*, *La Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Giovanni*, *Martha*, *The Prophète*, *Il Trovatore*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Robert le Diable*, *Faust e Margherita*, *Don Pasquale*, *The Huguenots*, *L'Elisir d'Amore* and *La Figlia del Reggimento* (produced in the order here assigned to them), no others were brought out. The novelties were confined to three—viz., *L'Elisir d'Amore*, which had not been heard for seven years, *Faust e Margherita* and *La Figlia*, neither of which had been previously given at Covent Garden. *Faust e Margherita* not having been announced in the prospectus, may be accepted as a fair substitute for *L'Etoile du Nord*; but for Gluck's *Orfeo*, Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, Flotow's *Stradella*, and, most important, Verdi's last opera, *La Forza del Destino*—all of which (as well as Rossini's *Otello*) were in the prospectus—no substitutes were offered. Mr. Gye must take his revenge (and the subscribers theirs) next season. Enough for the present that the operas actually produced made a rich feast, and that their execution was in almost every respect worthy the fame of the theatre.

About the ballet department there is little to say. It would be exacting to ask for a more graceful and thoroughly talented principal dancer than Mdle. Salvioni, who has been of the highest utility in the *divertissements* which form essential parts of the grand operas of Meyerbeer, Rossini and Auber; but surely, with an experienced ballet-master like M. Displaces, a leader like M. Nadaud, scene-painters like Messrs. W. Beverley, Grieve and Telbin, and a stage-manager like Mr. Harris—to say nothing of the admirable *corps de ballet*—something in the shape of a new choreographic entertainment, something, if not precisely a grand ballet, at least considerably more attractive than the stale and worn-out *Azelia*, might be prepared for so clever and popular a representative of the Terpsichorean art. The chorus, still good and, above all, musically experienced, might be brightened up and invigorated by the addition of some twenty or so fresh voices; but the band directed so well by Mr. Costa, and, on the extra nights by his excellent deputy, M. Sainton, has maintained its reputation as the foremost orchestral company in Europe. To the costly magnificence and pictorial beauty of the scenic department, under Mr. W. Beverley, and to the wonderful efficiency of the stage department, under the vigilant control of Mr. Augustus Harris, repeated tribute has been paid during the progress of the season. *Masaniello* from one end to the other; the first act and the meeting of the cantons, in *Guillaume Tell*; the opening scene and the Resuscitation of the Nuns, in *Robert le Diable*; the Skating and Coronation scene of the *Prophète*; the duel scene and the Benediction of the Swords, in the *Huguenots*; and the whole scenic arrangement of *Faust e Margherita*, as grand, complete, and picturesque spectacles have never been surpassed—in one or two instances, probably, never equalled. That this general and satisfying completeness is not necessarily confined to the great operas of the French school was shown in *Martha* and other works; but most emphatically in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, where the manoeuvres of the soldiers—costumed to a man in the uniform of the *Jeune Garde*—were, for the first time, with skill, propriety, and taste, employed as a legitimate medium of stage effect. So many supernumeraries, in precisely the same dress, were never till now paraded before the lamps. The first act of *La Figlia* is, indeed, a masterpiece of happy stage contrivance.

The concerts given in the early part of the season, sometimes as preliminary, sometimes as peroration to the main performances, with Mdle. Carlotta Patti (sister of Mdle. Adeline)—who has obtained such

a brilliant success in the music-halls of the capital, in the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere—as principal singer, do not properly enter into a record of the operatic season, being wholly distinct from the *bond fide* operatic representations. We, therefore, with an acknowledgment of the obliging politeness of the superintending officers of the establishment—and especially Messrs. Pouteau and Nelson—take leave of Mr. Gye and his well-conducted theatre until the season 1864.

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN.*

There are certain hours in the lives of most men, never to be forgotten. There are few of us, however calmly and placidly may have flowed the current of our lives, who have not experienced some moment of peril, of joy, of supreme feeling or passion, the memory of which has burnt itself into our minds, never to be effaced till death. Such a moment depend upon it, was that when Charles Lewis Gruneisen, in the dungeon at Logrono, listened to the reading of the order for the shooting of ten Carlist prisoners by way of reprisal for the lives of an equal number of the Christians as wantonly murdered by the opposite party. Of ten names on that list his own might have been one. Only ten! The reading of them could have occupied but a few seconds, yet into those seconds what agony must have been concentrated in the minds of those who listened, and whose fate hung upon the caprice of the military butcher who indited them. Honor does not often, thank God, present itself in that acute form; but when it does it needs no instant turning of the hair to snow to refresh the memory of the victim as to what he has endured.

Of any equally indelible character must be the recollection of another moment in the romantic life of this same Charles Lewis Gruneisen, the man omitted in the fatal roll-call of those Spanish demons. It was the moment at which, after years of wandering, and trial, and endurance—after a long life of peril faced with undaunted bravery, and of duty performed with dauntless heroism he rose amidst such a tumult of applause as can seldom have greeted even his own ears to acknowledge the testimonial presentation tendered to him by admiring, appreciative, and generous friends. That scene in the banquet-hall of the Freemasons' Tavern on Wednesday night will live in the recollection of all privileged to witness it. But how vividly it must have imprinted itself on the heart of the man whom that noble assembly "delighted to honor," and who enjoyed the proud consciousness that he had won by a life's exertions the ovation so generously accorded him!

Our age abounds in remarkable men. So marvellous are the displays of energy and enterprise on every side that we have almost come, as a nation, to accept the axiom that "perseverance is genius." But when the history of our generation has to be told, and its moral deduced for the behoof of those who may come after, there are few men who will occupy a more striking position in the record than he who experienced the two "supreme moments" to which we have adverted. The days of chivalry may be gone. Romancists may lament over the dull level of our lives, the monotony of our occupations and even our pleasures; but the chivalrous and romantic past can present few biographies which stir the heart and fire the imagination like that of Charles Lewis Gruneisen. As he justly said, romance itself in its wildest creations has scarcely exceeded it in wondrous incident and varying interest. The boy thrown upon the world with only his brains out of which to carve a fortune, elects to follow that profession which Scott so well describes as an admirable staff, but a miserable crutch. Chance, which means in his case natural bias of mind, connects him with what is emphatically called "the press," that wondrous organization which, like the lever of Archimedes, has already moved the world. But in his case the "connection with the press" is not to mean the hard, steady fagging at the editorial desk. No! had he instead of that formula inscribed on his banner the burning cross of the crusader it would not have led him into stranger lands, into more romantic adventures, or have exposed him to more deadly peril. Othello's narrative of his soldierly exploits and the dangers to which he had been exposed would hardly be an exaggeration in the mouth of Mr. Gruneisen, who, though enlisted under the colors of "Captain Pen," has passed years in anything but pleasant proximity to the ranks of "Captain Sword." The narrative of his life is only too briefly told in his own manly but simple words—words in which there is nothing of boast or braggadocio, but which, as plain unvarnished statement of facts, go straight to the heart. Some day, we trust, he will find leisure to recount his exploits in more detailed fashion, because, though we owe to his pen the record of much of that history which he has helped to make, it is pleasant to approach such men as individuals and not as component parts of a movement. And the moral of such a life is beyond price. To a young man entering life we would not desire to point for his guidance and his encouragement to a career more attractive, or more creditable than that of Charles

Lewis Gruneisen. Courage that never faltered, endurance that knew no limits, heroism that was overcome by no glance at the Gorgon head of peril, a sense of duty so strong, so buoyant, that it overrode every obstacle,—these are some of the qualities which that career has illustrated, and in reference to which we would say, with all reverence, "Go thou and do likewise."

And highly as the light of romance falls on some of the earlier pages of this record of a life, it is pleasant to reflect that as years have passed away, and a more sober tone has come over the picture, the qualities which have asserted themselves have been exactly those to which after all the most value has to be attached. If the Gruneisen of the banquet of Wednesday held a less romantic position than the Gruneisen in the dungeon at Logrono, it must have been felt by all present that the more common-place proceedings of later years were not those which rendered the man less estimable. From first to last duty had been his guiding star; from first to last every action of his life had been shaped with an idea of usefulness. And it is with peculiar satisfaction that we recognise and record the fact that the courage, energy, tact, and perseverance which characterised the hero amid the revolutionary embroilments of Spain were not wanting when he undertook his responsible duties in connection with the Conservative Land Society. In that enterprise he was invaluable, and if instead of being studded with romance the page of his life had been an absolute blank up to the period of his undertaking those duties, his discharge of them would fully have entitled him to the tribute of admiration and esteem which has been so justly bestowed upon him.

MR. JOHN TOWERS has been appointed organist and choir-master of the Parish church Wilmslow, (Cheshire).

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—One of the novelties of the approaching season will be M. Gounod's *Faust*. To this determination Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have only arrived after long consideration. Messrs. Balfe and Wallace, we need hardly state are busily engaged in preparing their annual offerings to the Royal English Opera. Mr. Balfe is employed on a new version of *The Duke's Motto* written by Mr. John Brougham, and has far advanced towards completion. Rumour also points to an opera by Mr. Frank Mori, the subject one connected with English History. Altogether we have reason to suppose that the directors will this season be more liberal and enterprising than ever.

LEEDS.—The organ performances at the Town Hall were recommenced, after the summer recess, on Tuesday afternoon. During the interval the organ has been thoroughly examined, and Messrs. Gray and Davison have put it to rights at considerable expense. A careful examination showed that from the excessive heat caused by the very defective ventilation of that part of the Victoria Hall, some of the wood-work connected with the slides and stops was warped, but the sound boards, about which so much discussion has at various times taken place, were perfect and without a flaw. It is very satisfactory to find they have stood so well the very severe tests to which they have been subjected. Now that all is put in order the tone of the organ is much improved, and the organist must have much more comfort in playing upon it. As a person of large experience has been sent down from Messrs. Gray and Davison's manufactory to take charge of the organ, we may fully calculate on this satisfactory state of things being kept up; and at the same time we hope that the Town Hall Committee of the Town Council will speedily consider the question of ventilation, and take such steps as may secure an equable temperature in the organ, without which, however careful those who have the charge of it may be, it cannot be expected to remain in good order. The programme selected for the re-opening performance showed very well the improvements we have noticed above. The overture to Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, never sounded confused, but was distinct even in the *fortissimo* passages. The tone of the organ has gained both in brilliancy and clearness, and is at the same time more equable than before. Dr. Spark played this overture remarkably well. Some little imperfection might naturally be expected after such extensive alterations, and this was most noticeable in the selection from *Lurline*; the tuning of one or two stops is evidently not quite completed. Although we do not altogether approve of the performance of operatic selections on an organ, yet we cannot pass over the clever way in which the principal pieces in this selection were joined together by interweaving short *motivi* from the opera. The *adagio* from Spohr's *Notturmo* for wind instruments is admirably well suited for the organ, and told extremely well. Beethoven's "Hallelujah Chorus" brought the concert to a conclusion, and in this the increased clearness was even more evident than in Mendelssohn's overture. The audience was large and fashionable; we hope it may continue to be so, as these concerts are well deserving of encouragement. —*Leeds Mercury*.

* From *The Insurance Record*.

STREET MUSIC.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

SIR,—I beg to submit to the consideration of the Home Office my own case—one of the many in which serious annoyance and loss are daily occasioned by the impunity which the police are directed to concede to the street musicians of London. I am aware that there are many worse cases than mine—nevertheless, I consider mine to be one to which some remedy ought to be applicable. I have hired a house in a quiet suburb of London, with the view of educating my children to the best advantage. My eldest girl is a pupil of M. —, the well-known pianist, who gives her a couple of lessons every week. He generally arrives about 11 A.M. on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and is invariably followed, about five minutes afterwards, by a band of five blind men, known as “the Scotch Crawlers.” These persons, warned by their emissaries of M. —’s arrival, range themselves in the gutter before my house, and strike up a monotonous drone on two clarionets and three violoncellos, which may be feebly expressed thus—Rumm—ti—tumm—ti—dummm—and persist in it till my servant buys them off by the payment of half-a-crown, for they decline to move on for less than 6d. a head, and I find it cheaper to pay that amount in black mail to them than to lose M. —’s lesson, which costs me a guinea. I have in vain applied to the police. They say that they have instructions to interfere only in cases of illness, and, thank God, I cannot plead that excuse. The knowledge that I object to street music, that I have in vain applied to the police to deliver me from it, and that twice a-week I pay 2s. 6d. black mail in order to get rid of it, has rendered our street a favorite rendezvous for all manner of discordant vagabonds. A neighbour of mine—a celebrated artist—whose name is a household word in consequence of the amusement which we all weekly derive from his pencil, is almost driven wild by them. Occasionally he sallies forth to remonstrate, when he is invariably met by the foulest abuse; he then proceeds to find a policeman—no easy job at any time—and, possibly, eventually succeeds in ridding himself of one set of negro melodists at the cost of a morning’s work to himself; but they are scarcely out of the street before the running is taken up by the well-known horse-organ, with the kettledrum movement, which has only been waiting round the corner till the policeman departs; or by the notorious widow, whose infant phenomena perform irritating sonatas on a jangling pianoforte placed on a costermonger’s vegetable truck, drawn by a small donkey. The best understanding exists between all these plagues; they carefully impart to each other the exact localities where their presence is least acceptable, and, therefore, most likely to be bought off at a remunerative price. The law, as it exists, is sufficient. All that we require is that the Home Office should direct it to be put in force. It seems to me that were the police instructed not to interfere with the street music in localities where nobody objects to its presence, but always to remove it where a single householder requires them to do so, the evil would be effectually met. If A is busy, or nervous, or even capricious, and objects to the “Rum ti tum” of the “Scotch Crawlers,” to the bray and crash of the horse organ, or to the yells and clatter of the negro melodists, it is surely intolerable that it should be in the power of his malicious neighbour B to expose him to such serious annoyance whenever he desires to stir him up. If B really likes that sort of music let him enjoy it by all means in his own dining-room; but let him not madden his neighbours by having it performed in the open street. We don’t allow cricket, or tip-cat, or football in our thoroughfares, although these games would doubtless afford infinite delight to thousands of innocent boys were they tolerated in our less frequented streets and squares. On what principle, then, does the police permit “Scotch Crawlers,” the ruffian in woman’s clothes who dances “the Cure,” the nigger melodists, the horse organ, the donkey pianofortists to infest us; against our will, avowedly with the view of extorting money from us to get rid of them? Perhaps the worst nuisance of all is the German boy-band, every member of which attempts a different tune at the same time on a damaged wind instrument. They mostly play of evenings, stationing themselves at open dining-room windows, where dinner parties are going on, and before houses where the knockers are tied up, and where the street is strewn with straw,—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

PATERFAMILIAS.

PROFESSOR GLOVER AT THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Professor Glover, the editor of “Moore’s Melodies,” delivered a lecture at the Polytechnic Institution, on Saturday, on “The National Music of Ireland,” to a numerous and fashionable audience. The lecturer described with much ability the peculiarities of Irish music, and pointed out the intimate link which existed between national music and national character. He spoke of the marked effect which Moore’s fine poetry had produced in giving so enlarged a scope to Irish song. Professor Glover illustrated his eloquent lecture by singing with much feeling and taste many of Moore’s best lyrics, accompanying himself on a musical instrument of the nature of a harmonium. “The Harp that once through Tara’s Hall,” and “Haste and leave this Sacred Isle,” were among the illustrations from Moore. The lecturer also gave an account of Carolan, the Irish bard, and some pleasing illustrations of his music, and concluded with a fantasia on the piano embodying several Irish airs. The lecture was received with merited applause, and the fantasia received an encore.—*Morning Star*.

THE OPERAS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season was brought to a termination on Saturday, with the second representation of the *Figlia del Reggimento*, followed by the *divertissement* of *Azelia*. An account of the performance, as well as a *resumé* of the season, will be found in another column.

HER MAJESTY’S THEATRE.—*Faust* on Saturday—*Faust* on Monday. On Tuesday *Don Giovanni* was given for the first time this season, with Mdlle. Volpini as Zerlina—her first essay in that character—and Signor Marchesi as Leporello. The gentleman recently gave, in London, a concert historical. The lady created a very favorable sensation. We make due allowance for the first performance of a very trying part, more especially as Mdlle. Volpini had but a few days to study it. That her Zerlina may be made an attractive feature in the cast of *Don Giovanni*, at Her Majesty’s Theatre, we believe. Mdlle. Titiens never sang the music of Donna Anna more grandly, nor acted the part with greater dignity or with fuller meaning. Mdlle. Louise Michal imparted a greater charm to her performance of Donna Elvira last year. Signor Giuglini’s Ottavio was as tender as ever. If he could only be induced to sing “Il mio tesoro” as Mozart wrote it, we are satisfied he would follow the composer ever afterwards. On Thursday *Oberon* was repeated, Mdlle. Trebelli, for the second time, taking the part of Fatima, in place of Madame Alboni, whose engagement has expired. To-night *Faust* will bring the season to a conclusion, and a “Grand Extra Performance” will be given on Monday for the benefit of Mr. Mapleson. He well deserves a “bumper.”

PARIS.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Before proceeding to Milan, where she is for the Carnival, Maria Brunetti will sing at the Théâtre Lyrique, the part of the Countess in *Le Mariage de Figaro*; Madame Carvalho will sustain the part of Cherubini, and Madame Ugalde, that of Susanne. This performance will inaugurate the approaching season.—During the last few months, death has been busy with French writers on music. Scarcely is Lovy buried ere another musical critic has gone to that bourne where no traveller returns. M. Delécluze has just died, aged 82, at Versailles. The deceased succeeded Castil Blaze on the *Journal des Débats*, as critic of the portion of the musical *Feuilleton* exclusively devoted to the Italian Opera. He by no means possessed the vigour of expression and the musical knowledge distinguishing his predecessor, but he was a passionate admirer of Italian music, which he sometimes criticised very well and pungently. He would not, however, hear aught of progress or of modern works. He looked upon Rossini as the last great composer. He suffered Donizetti and Bellini, but he detested Verdi. He hated musical noise. The brass instruments in the orchestra, and the concerted music, rendered him perfectly frantic. If he was eccentric in this respect, he was eccentric according to his convictions as a man of taste. He lived more especially for two arts: painting and music. His criticisms affronted no one. He said frankly what he thought, but in a form which made a friend of the person with whom he found fault. It may be boldly asserted that no one’s hate will follow him into the grave.

According to report, Rossini is now giving the finishing touch to a Grand Mass for chorus and full band. This will be the most important work he has composed since the *Stabat Mater*. A short time since, a second performance of Victor Massé’s opera, *Les Noces de Jeannette*, was given in the maestro’s villa, the principal parts being sustained by M. Lafon and Madame de Nenzelt.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti has been here, en route for Switzerland, where she intends reposing for a few weeks. Her engagement with the Italian Opera is made—at her own terms. M. Bagier is resolved to give five performances a week, instead of three. M. Bagier’s arrangement with Mdlle. Patti is for six weeks in Paris and six weeks at Madrid, where he is also manager. Auber’s delicious ballet-opera, *Le Dieu et la Boyadère* (*Maid of Cashmere*) is about to be revived at the opera. Signor Verdi remains at Naples during the winter, and will not be in Paris to get up his *Forza del Destino*.—DURILLON D’ENGELURE.

CONCERTS.

MESSRS. W. H. HOLMES AND G. W. HAMMOND gave a pianoforte and miscellaneous concert, on Saturday afternoon, July 18, at the Hanover Square Rooms. We need not inform our readers that Mr. W. H. Holmes is one of the most accomplished of our native professors of the pianoforte, and a distinguished composer to boot. We may, however, inform some of our readers that Mr. G. W. Hammond is a pupil and son-in-law of Mr. Holmes, and that he too has written for the pianoforte. The principal part of the programme of the concert under notice was devoted to pianoforte performances, the executants being Messrs. Holmes and Hammond. One of Mozart's duets for two pianofortes made an excellent beginning, being played very admirably by both artists. The other classical piece was a duet of Handel's for two pianofortes, arranged by Mr. Holmes's clever pupil, Mr. S. J. Noble—which was no less successful. Mr. Holmes supplied many pieces. Of these we may allude particularly to three solos—"Melody from Vocal Quartet and Chorus," impromptu, "Veronica," and fantasia, "Fairy Fingers;" duet (MS.) for two pianofortes, with the quaint and pretty name, "Home Pictures," very happily illustrated; and recitative and aria from a new sacred cantata entitled *Redemption*, "There was a man of the Pharisees," sung by Mr. Weiss with great effect. Mr. Hammond's share of the selection included two new romances, "Idylle" and "Slumber Song," played by himself. The first "Romance" and "Slumber Song" are both charming, and drew down loud applause. The vocal performers were Mr. and Madame Weiss, and Mdlle. Linas Martorelle. The last-named lady—a pupil of the celebrated Duprez—who possesses a fine rich mezzo-soprano, created a marked sensation in a Grand Bolero, the composition of her master, and in "Una Voce." Mr. Weiss, of course, was encored in his own "Village Blacksmith," and Madame Weiss did good service in Mr. J. L. Hatton's song, "The lark now leaves his wat'ry bed," and the ballad from Mr. Macfarren's *Don Quixote*, "Ah! why do we love?" A duet for two harps, played by Messrs. Balsir Chatterton and John Thomas, was not one of the least effective performances of the concert.

MR. J. P. GOLDBERG'S MATINEE was given at the Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, on Friday, the 19th ult., and attracted a large and fashionable attendance. The singers were Madame Alboni, Fraulein Liebhart, Signors Giuglini and Tagliafico, Herr Reichardt and Herr Fricke; the instrumentalists, Miss Madeline Schiller (pianoforte), and M. Paque (violinello). The selection included two vocal pieces, the composition of Mr. Goldberg—duet for tenor and bass, "Vieni, la barca e pronta," and German song, "Die Boshchaft"—the former sung by Herr Reichardt and Signor Tagliafico, the latter by Fraulein Liebhart, both found numerous admirers, the first meeting with an enthusiastic encore. Madame Alboni created a furor in "Rode's Air and Variations," and Miss Madeline Schiller pleased immensely in Beethoven's Sonata in C major. There was a very numerous and elegant attendance.

"SCHRAM has a very fine bass voice." These were the words we murmured to ourselves on leaving the concert of Herr P. Schram, which took place at St. James's Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, July the 21st. Herr Schram is a *basso-primo basso*, no doubt—from the Royal Danish Opera of Copenhagen. He sang three times, a French air, two German airs, and two Danish romances, all in his native tongue. It was curious to hear the Catalogue Song from *Don Giovanni* in Danish. It was well sung, however, and that is the chief thing required. Herr Schram was encored in Schubert's "Wanderer," and in one of his Danish romances. The Danish *basso* did not carry away all the honors. Miss Mathilde Enequist gained much applause in the aria from *La Traviata*, and was encored in a Swedish ballad. Mr. Ferdinand Dulcken performed two solos on the pianoforte, and Herr E. Lehmann two on the flute. The attendance was small and Danish—which, for Herr Schram's sake, we trust meant "Spanish."

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—This series of entertainments, at first announced to take place in the Floral Hall of the Royal Italian Opera, will be given instead in the theatre. They commence on Monday and will be continued for one month only. Mdlle. Carlotta Patti has been engaged, and will sing we believe, every night. As at Mr. Alfred Mellon's Concerts in 1861, some of the most popular oratorios will be given and thus lend variety to the performances.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.—During the visit of the Prince of Wales at Halifax, His Royal Highness visited the factory of Messrs. Akroyd, and was drawn up to the top floors by means of a mechanical lift. As he made his appearance among the machinery in motion hundreds of the workwomen and girls sang Mr. Brinley Richards's new national song "God bless the Prince of Wales" and when he arrived at the Railway Station and proceeded to the carriage in waiting for him, the Riflemen presented arms and the bands played first "God bless the Prince of Wales" and afterwards Vogler's "March of the Danish Guards" in honor of the Princess.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

There is always something doing at the Crystal Palace, in season or out of season. A perpetual round of amusement takes place within its fairy walls. On Wednesday, by way of novelty, there was a performance of M. Gounod's *Faust*—or, more strictly speaking, of a selection from that, in our time, unprecedentedly successful opera. The selection included considerably more than one half of the music, such parts being omitted as were least likely to prove effective in such an area as that of the Central Transept. The executants were chiefly from Her Majesty's Theatre, which, by its remarkable representation, of M. Gounod's elaborate work this season, has recovered the prestige of its palmiest days. It is enough to name the principal singers—Mademoiselle Titiens (Margaret), Mademoiselle Trebelli (Siebel), Signor Giuglini (Faust), M. Gassier (Mephistophiles), and Mr. Santley (Valentine). The band and chorus (the former strengthened by some of the players belonging to the excellent orchestra of Herr Manns) were conducted by Signor Arditi with his usual ability. Of course, it would have been absurd to expect the same effect from the music of *Faust* in the enormous area of the Handel Orchestra as in the more convenient enclosures where it has hitherto been heard. M. Gounod is not a Handel, nor is the chorus of Mr. Mapleson, good as it has been unanimously pronounced this year, a chorus on the scale to which the Sacred Harmonic Society has accustomed the public at the Handel Festivals. Nevertheless, what could be distinctly appreciated afforded the utmost satisfaction; and, to name one piece in particular, the stirring chorus of soldiers, from the fourth act, produced so marked an impression that it was encored and repeated. All the solo vocalists sang their very best, and were more or less effective; but especially we must name Mademoiselle Titiens, the higher tones of whose magnificent voice penetrated brightly and clearly to every part of the building. In the final trio—admirably supported by Signor Giuglini and M. Gassier—Mademoiselle Titiens was superb; and, while hearing her, it was almost impossible to believe that we were in the great transept of so vast a building.

There was a very large attendance, and, though no absolute enthusiasm was elicited by any part of the performance, the general gratification experienced by the audience was unmistakable. Whether the plan of giving operas which depend so much upon scenic accessories as *Faust* in the Handel Orchestra of the Crystal Palace is likely to prove advantageous, or even feasible, in the end, remains, however, to be proved.

NONSENSICAL RHYMES FOR NONSENSICAL TIMES

There was an old scribe, J. V. B.,
Who drank J. W. D.'s O D V,
Till he felt quite C D,
Whereupon old D. C.
Made this rhyme upon old J. V. B.
Il y avait une jeune Stella Colas
Qui a fait pousser bien des holas;
Quand les Anglais ont vu
Jouer cette ingenu,
Ils ont juré leur "Saint Nicholas."
There was an old sheet call'd *The Choir*,
To which we shall soon say, "Bon soir,"
When nightcap on head,
It goes off to its bed,
Between its own sheets, this old *Choir*.
There was an old paper, the *City Press*,
Which didn't seem no how a witty press,
But the cits' tastes are wide,
And they read as they ride,
And on busses, all towards the city press.

M. GOUNOD'S "REINE DE SABA."

To the Editor.

SIR.—Talk of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*!—Have any of your musical readers perused the score (even the vocal score) of M. Gounod's *Reine de Saba*? It is Wagnerian from the first note to the last. It is more Wagnerian than *Tannhäuser*—nay, than *Lohengrin* itself. M. Gounod, if he proceeds in this way, will present the Théâtre-Lyrique, one fine day, with a new born (not still-born, let us hope) *Tristan*—who knows?—perhaps a *Siegfried*! Apologizing for thus obtruding on your valuable space (supposing you insert this letter), I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

YAXTON LAST.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Just Published,

A PHOTOGRAPH of a GROUP of INSTRUMENTALISTS, which includes likenesses of Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Mr. CHARLES HALLE, Herr JOACHIM, Signor PIATTI, M. SAINTON, Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER, Mr. BENEDICT, &c., &c., by ALEXANDER BASSANO, Size, 13 in. by 8 in. Price 10s. 6d. CHAPPELL & Co., New Bond Street.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but no later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforth be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Leonisa a Alcina, unas memorias de oro, esmaltadas de azul. Iulia a Enareto, un cuchillo de su estuche. Amarilis a Gaseno, una gargantilla de aguache (de Leones). Marfisa a Rustico, un prendedero de plata. Jacinto a Belardo, un instrumento de pinauete y evano.—SILVERCORD ASPENCOURT.

DEATH.

On the 5th inst., at her residence, 69 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, GEORGINA, the beloved wife of George Hogarth, Esq., aged 66.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1863.

THE Choral Association for Male Voices (Männergesangsverein), under the name of the "Liederkrantz," Frankfort-on-the-Maine, is one of the oldest in Germany.* The founders met as far back as the 15th February, 1828; and although, their primary object was social intercourse combined with practice in part-singing, the interest people took in the Association not only caused it to be greatly extended, but lent a more purely artistic tendency to its efforts and aim. The members began giving public performances, partly for charitable purposes, and partly for contributing to the erection of memorials to great Germans, such as Schiller and Goethe, Mozart and Gutenberg, and, in the year 1838, undertook to get up the first Grand German Vocal Festival at Frankfort. But the object of the "Liederkrantz" in doing this was not alone to invite the singers of Germany to a fraternal gathering, and procure the public such an artistic treat as was then unusual; it contemplated laying, by means

of the Festival, the first stone of a permanent memorial, which, by continued influence upon music in Germany, should be attended with practical results.

The Association therefore decided that the receipts of the Festival should be devoted to the establishment of "an institute for aiding musical talent while engaged in studying the theory of composition." The institute was called the "Mozart Institute," partly to honour the memory of the greatest of German composers, and partly to denote the spirit and tendency with which its efforts would be exclusively directed to the cultivation of classical music. It was believed, too, that, for music as well as for other things, the time would soon come—and it did come very soon—of which Lessing said: "People began to mix together all rules, and to assert it was pedantry to prescribe to genius what it must and what it must not do. In a word, we were on the point of wantonly dissipating all the experience of former times, and of preferring that every one should re-discover art for himself!" To oppose this hurried rush towards the ruin of true art, the members of the Mozart Institute, being convinced that, though natural aptitude is the first condition requisite for artistic creation, industry and the study of fundamental theory must lend clearness to the suggestions of genius, and guide the stream of inspiration within the bounds of form, ordered by their statutes that there should be a most conscientious test of the musical aptitude of every one who competed for the stipend, the said test to consist in the candidate's working out, under the eyes of a musician, the exercises set him, which exercises were to be examined by three different musical celebrities (two, at least, of whom must reside out of Frankfort), and they further decided that the candidate judged worthy of being named the stipendiary should be confided (with a proper consideration of his own choice) to some master of the art of composition for four years, to guide him until his education was completed, and that he should receive an annual allowance of four hundred florins.

The first contribution to the capital of the institute consisted of the receipts of the Vocal Festival. The capital was slowly increased by the money taken at the annual concert, which the "Liederkrantz," in conformity with the statutes, gave for the benefit of the institute. Unfortunately, the appeals of the committee to German theatres, concert directors, vocal associations, &c., begging them to interest themselves in a national institute open to all the sons of the German race, were—with a few honorable exceptions—fruitless! Still, the fund was so increased by private contributions and the proceeds of the above-named concerts, that, as far back as the year 1841, the first stipendiary was confided to the *maestro* Spohr. This was Johann Bott, of Cassel, the distinguished violinist and esteemed composer, at the present time Court *Capellmeister* at Meiningen. Among the subsequent patrons of the institute particularly deserving of being mentioned, are the Reverend Herr Sprüngli, of Thalwyl, on the Lake of Zurich, an attendant of the Vocal Festival, who made a donation of the sum of 1000 florins, proceeding from the sale of a collection of quartets for male voices, and Herr Kröger, a citizen of Frankfort, who left the institute a legacy of 2000 florins. Furthermore, the concert given by the "Liederkrantz," in the Paulskirche, on the hundredth anniversary of Mozart's birth, brought in 2864 florins, &c. In this manner, the capital of the institution has now increased to 42,000 florins. But what is that for a musical institution open to all Germany? How long will the friends of music in the various districts of a country to which all nations award the mastery

* *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

of music, delay—in our time, too, when the spirit of association does everything—*raising the Mozart Institute to the rank of a great national establishment?* How long will our theatres, our concert-directors, our innumerable vocal associations, allow themselves to be open to the reproach of doing *nothing* for an institution founded to raise musical art, and to assist naturally-gifted youth; to the reproach of ignoring its existence, and of leaving to a *single* association, the Frankfort "Liederkrantz," the task of keeping up this admirable nursery of art? Does the Mozart Institute throw its money thoughtlessly away on unworthy persons? Its last resolution *not* to award the sixth stipend available for four years, and contended for last year, because none of the compositions sent in "announced decided musical ability," proves convincingly that the pension is not bestowed on the *relatively* best of the competitors, but only on one possessed of unusual talent. Do we need to remind our readers of the two recipients of the pension, Max Bruch and Joseph Brambach, both of whom the Mozart Institute confided to the care of Ferdinand Hiller! Joseph Brambach, who has been appointed conductor of the town-orchestra at Bonn, has already furnished excellent proofs of his professional activity as a conductor, and of his talent for composition in the shape of beautiful songs, pieces for the piano, his admirable sestet, a symphony lately performed with success, &c., and has not Max Bruch, in addition to his earlier compositions, now laid before the institute, on the five-and-twentieth anniversary of its foundation, his opera of *Loreley*, as a splendid gift? Well, then! Let the celebration of this anniversary of the Mozart Institute become, from the interest evinced in it throughout all the musical circles of Germany, the *starting-point of a new and brilliant era*; let us contribute in every quarter, so as to spread the beneficent working of the institute far and wide over all countries where the German tongue is spoken, and thus save from perishing of want and neglect many a person blessed with talent now growing up ignored.

Such were the sentiments and wishes inspiring us, as, on the 25th June, the day the anniversary was celebrated, we attended the festival concert, which the "Liederkrantz" got up in the Saalbau at Frankfort, and we do not hesitate giving them, by means of these pages, a greater publicity than they would otherwise enjoy, for we entertain the hope that, by so doing, we shall be able to promote a good object. The concert opened, amid great applause from the audience, with an overture by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, who had been invited to conduct his composition himself. After this, Dr. Karl Grün, in a pithy speech, enlarged upon the import of the Festival, and the relation of musical art to the sister arts. Herr Bott executed with a beautiful, clear tone, and the virtuosity for which he is renowned, a violin-concerto of his own composition. Choruses and vocal solos from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, *Idomeneo* and *Titus*, as well as, at the conclusion, Handel's "Hallelujah," were very well given by the united resources of all the Frankfort Singing Associations, the "Liederkrantz," and the orchestra of the theatre, under the sure guidance of Herr Gellert, conductor of the "Liederkrantz." Besides these, there were songs by the former recipients of the pension, Jacob Bischoff, Max Bruch and Joseph Brambach, and of the present one, also a talented young man, Ernst Deurer, of Giessen, whose future education is confided to Herr Vincenz Lachner, *Capellmeister* in Mannheim. Among the singers, Herr C. Hill particularly distinguished himself, but the others were very far from being all that could be desired.

The proceedings were brought to a close by a festive banquet in the Holländischer Hof. The banquet was spiced

by significant toasts; a short history of the Mozart Institute from its president, Dr. Ponfík; and a warm ovation paid to Herr Ferdinand Hiller, who is a born Frankforter, by Herr Eckhard, Councillor of the Court of Appeal, and secretary of the institute.

PROFESSOR L. BISCHOFF.

Mdlle. EMMA LIVRY* expired on the 26th July, after nine months of horrible tortures. Ever since the 15th November, 1862, up to the fatal date mentioned, the unfortunate pupil of Mdlle. Taglioni, the heroine of *La Sylphide*, the victorious representative of the *Papillon*, the *protagonista* of *La Reine de Saba*, did not cease a single instant from suffering the most excruciating pain, and, in recalling her to its bosom, Heaven appears to have at last taken pity on her. The cup was full; the unfortunate and resigned patient had no longer strength to suffer.

Mdlle. Emma Livry was a young artist, well brought up, who was respected within the theatre itself, and who, beyond it, was esteemed by every one for her education, her good conduct, and those honorable qualities which increase that indefinable attraction which surrounds those of the gentler sex who devote themselves to any branch of art. It was, therefore, perfectly natural that, at her obsequies we should see a crowd of celebrities of all kinds, on whose features it was easy to read the sincere emotion they felt in their hearts. The sad and pious ceremony took place on the 29th, in the Church of Notre-Dame de Lorette. Long before the carriage which brought Mdlle. Emma Livry's mortal remains from Neuilly had arrived before the church, a considerable crowd had entered the latter, and, at two o'clock, it was no longer possible to obtain admission, so that it became necessary to close the doors, to prevent the sacred character of the melancholy ceremony from being interrupted by any unseemly disturbance. Twelve young ladies, in white, accompanied the coffin, which was deposited under a canopy placed before the choir, and covered with white cloth ornamented with silver fringe. Four of these young girls, pupils of the *Conservatoire de Danse*, took up their position at the four corners of the canopy, where they seemed so many earthly angels weeping at the departure of their sister, as she re-ascended towards Heaven. Mass was heard with deep devotion by all present, and, for the purpose of adding to its solemnity, the artists of the opera, under the direction of M. Vauthrot, *Chef du Chant*, executed, at the offertory, the "Libera" of Plantado, and, at the elevation, the "Pie Jesu" of Panseron. M. Portehaut, organist of Notre-Dame de Lorette, presided at the organ.

The two pieces we have mentioned had as interpreters—first tenors: MM. Villaret, Kœnig, Warot, Grisy; second tenors: MM. Donzel, Teissière, Chazotte, Fleury; first basses: MM. Marié, Bonnehée, Canaple, Caron; and second basses: MM. Obin, Belval, Cazaux, Fréret and Bonneseur. The remainder of the service was chanted by the parish choristers.

Among the persons present were MM. Gautier, Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Imperial Household and of the Fine Arts; Camille Doucet, Director in Chief of the Theatres, in the same Ministry; Emile Perrin, Manager of the Imperial Academy of Music; Prince Poniatowski; Anber; Alphonse Royer; Moreau; De Germiny, jun.; De Saint-Georges; Alexandre Dumas, jun.; Théodore Gautier; Paul Dalloz; Albéric Second; Ch. Desohne; Emilien Pacini; Paul Foucher; Perrot; E. Cardon; Duponchel; Eug. Moreau; Goujet; Cogniard; Mesdames Taglioni:

* *L'Europe Artiste*.

Rosati; Marie Vernon; Zina-Mérante; Laure Fonta; Caroline Venetozza; Villiers-Petit; E. Urban; Vandenneuvel-Duprez; Cico; Clavelle; Fanny Génat; Plunkett; Doche; Ferrus; O. Berger; the Committee and a large number of members of the Society of Dramatic Artists.

The funeral car was followed to the cemetery by a great many persons. M. Petipa read, at the grave, a speech which deeply moved those who heard it. The cortège then broke up, and those who had composed it appeared to examine each other as though to decide whom it would be necessary, before the expiration of the year, to follow, in his or her turn, to the Mount of Martyrs, which we ourselves have so often ascended when accompanying some celebrity who had for ever left us. By often paying the last marks of respect to persons a man has known, he begins to care less for life, and learns to die a little every day. It is a salutary apprenticeship, which we recommend to the wicked, for it may render them better than they were.

IN Herr von Karajan's pamphlet: *J. Haydn in London*,* 1791, 1792 (published by Gerold, Vienna), mention is made, at page 27, of a poem, of which Dr. Charles Burney is the author, and which celebrates Haydn's arrival in London. After having, last year, taken a great deal of trouble to no purpose in order to discover this poem, I, at last, after renewed researches, succeeded in finding it at the British Museum. The republication of it may, perhaps, be interesting, and with this idea, I take the liberty of communicating it to you.

The Monthly Review, or Literary Journal, London. MDCCXCI., Vol V., page 223. Verses on the Arrival of the great Musician Haydn in England. 4 pp. 14.1. S. Payne, 1791. Monthly Catalogue for June, 1791.

"These lines seem to be the effusions of a true believer in the miraculous powers of Haydn, and of a judge of the rank and merit of other celebrated musicians. After giving a list of the great masters which the present century has produced, and paying a just tribute of praise to Handel, he says:

"These were the gen'ral fav'rits of their days,
The idols of our hearts, and objects of our praise;
But common made by use, and more by thieves,
(And those who pouring water on their leaves,
By a more humble and less dangerous theft,
Extracted all the spirit that was left.)
Were heard with languor, like an oft told tale,
Nor longer could o'er drowsiness prevail.
At length great Haydn's new and varied strains
Of habit and indiff'rence broke the chains;
Rous'd to attention the long torpid sense,
With all that pleasing wonder could dispense."

"What is said of Haydn's inexhaustible powers of invention is so just that no noble and candid musician will think it hyperbolic. His compositions, long before his arrival in this country, had been distinguished by an attention, which we do not remember to have been bestowed on any other instrumental music before; but at the concerts in Hanover Square, where he has presided, his presence seems to have awakened such a degree of enthusiasm in the audience as almost amounts to frenzy.

"Welcome, great master! to our favour'd isle,
Already partial to thy name and style;
Long may thy fountain of invention run
In streams as rapid as it first begun;
While skill for each fantastic whim provides,
And certain science ev'ry current guides!
Oh, may thy days, from human sufferings free,
Be blest with glory and felicity.
With full fruition, to a distant hour,
Of all thy magic and creative pow'r!
Blest in thyself, with rectitude of mind,
And blessing, with thy talents, all mankind!"

* *Recensionen.*

Dr. Burney used, also, to send anonymous contributions to the above magazine, and the manner in which the verses are noticed justifies us in supposing that he has here taken the opportunity of reviewing himself, which he has, at any rate, done in a very becoming style.

FERDINAND POHL.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The caprice of a singer may be the ruin of a manager. Artists who are swayed by personal vanity alone, and pay no heed to the judgment of their musical director are worse than useless in an establishment; they are clogs upon the wheels of administration. When a singer cast for a part says, "I will not play it," dismissal would be no extraordinary stretch of authority. A breach of contract has been committed. Unfortunately, some singers are such great favorites with the public that they fancy their services cannot be dispensed with; and unfortunately there are some managers so averse from differences with their artists and so anxious to keep well with the public that they suffer themselves to be imposed on, sooner than have recourse to disputation. When the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera was issued this year, among the announcements was Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, with Signor Mario as the Brigand Chief—his first appearance in that character, and Mdle. Adelina Patti as Zerlina—her first appearance in that character. Here was a musical feast of the rarest kind held out to expectation; and, indeed, I have no doubt that *Fra Diavolo*—with the two artists just named so marvellously well fitted, and Signor Ronconi as Lord Allcash, an incomparable performance—would run as brilliant a career as even the *Barbiere*. *Fra Diavolo* was not brought out at all; and whose to blame? I am in a condition to state that it was no fault of Mr. Gye, nor of Mdle. Patti, nor of Signor Ronconi. When, too, the *Gazza Ladra* was advertised to be produced especially for Mdle. Patti, everybody, as a matter of course, concluded that Signor Mario would play Giannetto, a character in every way admirably suited to him, and which he had assumed many a time and oft both at Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera with decided effect. Signor Mario, however, thought proper to decline the part, which was given perforce to another, who was entirely unfitted for it, whether as singer or actor. What was the consequence? Rossini's exquisite opera, in spite of Mdle. Patti's touching and beautiful performance of Ninetta, in spite of Ronconi's inimitable Podesta, was but a partial success. Here was absolute wrong done to the theatre. I should like to know what excuse Signor Mario could plead. Not that his repertory was too full already; not that he had done too much work; not that the music was unsuited to him; not that the part had been disdained by the most renowned tenors (Rubini, to wit); not that the general cast was inefficient. Again, what could have induced Signor Mario, after allowing his name to appear in the prospectus as the representative of Nemorino in the *Elisir d'Amore*, to refuse that character, and consign it to other hands? Had he, like the prospectus, forgotten that he more than once sustained the part? I myself can well remember how—some three years ago, at Covent Garden (with Madame Viardot, Signors Ronconi and Tamburini) he played Adina's lover to perfection.

From all I have said of Signor Mario it may very fairly be argued that he is an enemy to himself, if not to the theatre of which he is one of the greatest ornaments and

one of the principal supports. The vanity and egotism of tenors is proverbial, but it seems to me that something more than a consideration of self has weighed with Signor Mario in this matter. It appears strange, most strange, that all the characters he rejected—Fra Diavolo, Nemorino, (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), Giannetto (*La Gazza Ladra*)—should belong to operas in which Mlle. Patti was the *prima donna*. As Signor Mario was given out for "indisposed" on the first night of *Don Pasquale*, and could not appear as Ernesto—a part especially written for him, and which he has made his own—I am bound to believe he was what was given out. But how when *Don Pasquale* was played a second and third time? Was he still "indisposed."

Signor Mario is not only the "spoiled child" of the public but of the Royal Italian Opera Management. As, however, the great tenor is no longer in the heyday of his youth, and no longer in the plenitude of his powers, it were, perhaps, just as well if he did not sport too freely with his audiences and play too much on the good nature of his director. I am, Sir, yours in earnest,

RIPPINGTON PIPE.

HERR ERNST was in London on Wednesday. On Thursday he left for Sir Bulwer Lytton's estate at Knebworth, in Hertfordshire, where he will remain some weeks, on a visit to that distinguished Baronet and man of letters. On the whole, the Malvern water-cure, under the vigilant superintendence of Dr. Wilson, has been of use to the great artist, who certainly looks better than when he was last among us. All musical England will pray for his speedy and complete recovery.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The notion that an *employé* of Mr. Lumley, from March, 1843, to August, 1858, can know anything about the "origin and organization" of the Royal Italian Opera is so superlatively absurd, that I, at first, intended to take no notice of the letter of a Mr. Hargrave Jennings, in your columns, last week; but as this ex-official of Her Majesty's Theatre has written (from second-hand information, or from mere report) a very off-hand statement, published in your last number, I beg leave to state; that the history of the speculation, published in your columns of April, 1852, was endorsed and confirmed by Mr. Beale himself. He was the last man to claim honors which were not his due, and, as he remarked at the time, "You have taken too little merit for yourself in your short history of the Royal Italian Opera."

The financial intervention, as to certain contracts for the alterations in the theatre, which Mr. Jennings puts down as an "underwriting" of the scheme, was, in the first instance, quite nominal, and I distinctly mentioned that Mr. Beale became liable after the break down of Persiani and Galetti; but to assert that, without "Mr. Beale's patronage and assistance of the new design, it would not have been possible," is a monstrous fable.

With this explanation, I must close further controversy, which certainly comes a little late, after the lapse of eighteen years since the project was first entertained, and eleven years since my letter of April 1852 was published in your columns. If Mr. Hargrave Jennings has no better information about Her Majesty's Theatre, from 1843 to 1858, than he has afforded about the Royal Italian Opera, his history will be worthless. I, at all events, know one

thing, that the late Mr. Beale would have been as much annoyed to have read the leading article in your columns of the 18th of July as he was when the first mistake was made as to the origin and organization of the Royal Italian Opera, which called forth my letter of April, 1852. I am, Sir, yours most obediently,

C. L. GRUNEISEN.

16, Surrey Street, Strand, August 5th, 1863.

THE LATE MR. FREDERICK BEALE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The following is a true statement of how Covent Garden Theatre was first opened as an Italian Opera, how Mr. Frederick Beale first became interested in the casualties of it, how he became the lessee, in what way the theatre passed from Mr. Beale into the hands of Mr. Delafield, subsequently into those of the singers, and finally into those of Mr. Gye:—

In the year 1846, Madame Persiani, not having been re-engaged by Mr. Lumley, manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, her husband, Signor Persiani, determined to open a rival Italian Opera, and, whilst in Paris during the winter, he found that Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, and other great artists, were ready to follow him. Under these circumstances, Signor Persiani—with another gentleman, Signor Galletti, whom he constituted his partner—came to London expressly to take Covent Garden Theatre. As I was an intimate friend of Persiani, upon his arrival in London he immediately called to inform me of his project. I did everything to dissuade him from such an undertaking, but he was determined; and, with the instigation of Sig. Galletti, who had nothing to lose, a few days afterwards Persiani returned to tell me that he had taken the Covent Garden Theatre for his projected Italian Opera. The first step was to consider the reconstruction of the house for the purpose of an Italian Opera. The new lessees soon found that their names and credit were not sufficient guarantee for the outlay required to carry out their plan, and that without some respectable English name they could not accomplish their intent. In this difficulty, Persiani came again to me, and asked me to assist him in persuading Mr. Beale, with whom he knew I was intimately acquainted, to undertake the direction of the new theatre. I replied that I should be very sorry to induce my friend to enter into a speculation so hazardous; but Persiani replied that Mr. Beale would have nothing to risk, that he himself had sufficient capital to stand against any loss, and that Beale was only to be the ostensible manager and director without liability. On hearing this I consented to speak to Beale, and the following morning I went to see him at his house of business in Regent Street, and explained to him Persiani's project. To my surprise I found Beale more willing to accept the position than I expected, particularly when he heard that Persiani had engaged Grisi and Mario, and above all, Mr. Costa as director. The result was that a few days afterwards the contract was drawn out by Mr. Frederick Chappell, the solicitor, and signed by the contracting parties in presence of Mr. Costa and myself, who also signed as the witnesses. The principal conditions of the contract were that Mr. Beale was merely to represent the direction without pecuniary liability, and Signor Persiani as a guarantee produced a letter of credit upon Rothschild for the amount of £35,000. Mr. Beale, however, with his usual liberality—which I thought in this instance misplaced—replied that there was no necessity for so large a sum to be deposited, and that it was enough if Persiani promised to keep £5,000 in the bank, replacing the amount when required. This concluded, the next step was to find an architect and builder. At the recommendation of Mr. Costa, Signor Albano was selected as architect. The builder was to be Mr. Holland, who declined to begin his contract without Beale's personal responsibility. It was at first estimated that the expense of constructing the house would not exceed £8,000, and Mr. Beale became answerable. In the progress of the alterations many unforeseen difficulties presented themselves, and the expenses of the building ultimately reached about £22,000, and Beale's responsibility was increased accordingly. Meanwhile the news of the new Italian Opera spread about, and articles appeared in different journals upon the subject. The *London Illustrated News*, in particular, spoke in favor of the undertaking;

but it was not less than a month after the contract was signed, that for the first time, I met Mr. Gruneisen in Mr. Beale's house, and the conversation was about Jenny Lind. In due time the alterations in the house were accomplished, and the whole management fell into the hands of Mr. Beale. The subscription amounted to nearly twenty-five thousand pounds. When the theatre was opened, the nightly receipts were good, realising about one thousand pounds a week, but the expenses went much beyond what was anticipated; Signor Persiani paid the stipulated five thousand pounds twice. When he was called to pay the next five thousand he became alarmed, and sought excuses to delay payment. Difficulties increased, and Mr. Beale found himself responsible for the payment of the builder, who had only received two or three thousand pounds. In great anxiety for my friend, and with the influence I had on Signor Persiani, I induced him to give Mr. Beale acceptances for twelve thousand pounds, at different epochs. Before the first of these bills became due Signor Persiani left England clandestinely. In this disastrous situation for Mr. Beale, and feeling myself obliged to assist him, I offered to go to Paris and endeavour to find him there. I left a letter at Signor Persiani's house, but no one could tell me where he was. Two or three days after, however, I received a letter from M. Cremieux, the famous Cremieux, who invited me to call on him on Sunday morning, as he had something to communicate about his client, Signor Persiani. Accordingly I called, and after the first few words he told me Signor Persiani was in the next room, and asked if I desired to see him. "With pleasure," I replied, "as I came to Paris for that purpose alone;" whereupon M. Cremieux called Persiani in. At first Persiani was angry with me for having persuaded him to give the bills, but after some explanations Signor Persiani, with my written promise that Mr. Beale would take for a time no legal steps against him, even for the bills due, consented to come to England to make arrangements. Three days after, in company with M. Cremieux, Signor Persiani returned to London. During these events, the season of 1847 came to an end, and although it had been a flourishing season—the money received amounting to nearly £55,000—there remained about £24,000 deficit. Towards the payment of this sum there was £8000 represented by the bills due of Signor Persiani, but beyond this sum Persiani declared that he could advance no more money. The properties in the theatre were valued at about £8000. It was then agreed that Mr. Beale taking them at that value, and warranting the payment of the balance, amounting to £8000, as a premium for the lease which Signor Persiani assigned to him, together with the bills, Signor Persiani should retire from the theatre, and Mr. Beale became sole lessee and manager.

It happened that a gentleman frequenting the opera, Mr. Delafield, was desirous to become a theatrical director, and hearing of all these changes, made offers of partnership to Mr. Beale. Arrangements were made, and Mr. Delafield became joint manager of the Royal Italian Opera about the end of 1847. Not a month elapsed when, in consequence of an engagement of an artist made by Mr. Beale, a dispute arose between him and Mr. Webster, a private gentleman and confidant of Mr. Delafield, who interfered greatly in the management of the direction. This dispute ended in the partnership being dissolved, and on the following conditions:—Mr. Beale assigned to Mr. Delafield the £8000 due from Persiani, as well as the properties of the theatre as he had received them; Mr. Delafield promised to pay the other £8000 as a premium; Mr. Beale gave up to Mr. Delafield the lease of the theatre—in fact, placing him in his own position without receiving any consideration for his retirement. In this way Mr. Beale, by a strange succession of fortunate and unfortunate events, found himself freed from the responsibilities and management of the Royal Italian Opera. I have a reason now to make a reflection—that Mr. Beale having taken the theatre from Signor Persiani most probably saved that gentleman from total ruin. Mr. Delafield, with £8000 pounds premium, took the new theatre, the construction of which as an Italian Opera had cost about twenty-two thousand pounds, and if the theatre had been well managed, Mr. Delafield might have largely profited, as from the produce of the first season one might have expected. Mr. Delafield's management lasted only the entire season of 1848. In the middle of the season, 1849, he found himself much embarrassed, and he was obliged to have recourse to the advice of Mr. Beale for

the reorganization of the theatre; and at the request of Mr. Delafield, he appeared again as the manager of the Royal Italian Opera. It was on this occasion that Mr. Gye first entered the new theatre as representative of Mr. Delafield, during that gentleman's absence. Fortunately, for Mr. Beale, before re-entering upon the duties of a manager, he made a formal announcement that he returned only to assist Mr. Delafield, and not on his own responsibility, since, not long after, Mr. Delafield became bankrupt. Mr. Beale immediately took legal advice and was assured that if he continued his direction he would become liable. He therefore declared publicly that, in consequence of the misfortune of Mr. Delafield, his connection with the theatre had come to an end. Here finishes Mr. Beale's participation in the establishment of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. It is also to Mr. Beale that the theatre is indebted for its name. I shall only add that, notwithstanding what occurred, the theatre was not closed a single night. The principal artists agreed to continue on their own account, selecting Mr. Frederick Gye as director. This arrangement lasted until the end of the season 1849, when Mr. Gye took the direction on his own account, and owing to his great abilities and energy these fourteen years, the theatre has been in a flourishing state.

It remains for me to say a few words in memory of my departed friend. Since the year 1835, when I came to London, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Frederick Beale. Nothing in all this time ever interrupted our friendship, and I became the instructor of his children. In his house I made the acquaintance of many artists, poets, musicians, and various distinguished personages. Mr. Beale was a great admirer of the fine arts. He was a good musician, and played many instruments. He had a great love for literature, and spoke Italian and French fluently. He read the Latin and French classics with just appreciation and enjoyment. In his transactions he was free and liberal, sincere in all his dealings, loyal to his friends, and in his family the most affectionate father, and in his house the most generous host. Through all the years of our intimacy I never knew him changing of feelings; he was always calm and peaceful. It appeared that the old precept of Horace—

*"Aequum memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem; non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Laetitia"*

was a natural virtue born with him, and with this the most amiable disposition, and that goodness which enhances every other quality. Such was my departed friend Frederick Beale, whose premature death caused so much grief in his family and amongst his relations, and so much regret amongst his friends.

I am, Sir, MANFREDO MAGGIONI.
1 Princess Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.

STYLELESSNESS NOT STILLESSNESS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Speaking in a Pickwickian sense, your translator J. V. B. is an ignoramus. If he does not understand Herr Wagner's German, it is his own loss, not Herr Wagner's—who, I am pretty sure, never reads his (J. V. B.'s) translations. Why not "wehsam?" It is a medieval term and a good one. Has J. V. B. ever looked into a German dictionary? If so, will he inform us whether *loche franche* is an equivalent for *Schmerle*. Before, too, he "Anglicises" the *Nibelungen*, let him inquire of some German teacher whether there is or is not such a word as *stylosigkeit*. I neither know nor care whether there be any such word; but if there be such a word, that word would mean stylelessness, not stillessness. J. V. B. is somewhat jocular at the expense of Herr Wagner in his letter (page 490 of the MUSICAL WORLD). It would, however, be a terrible moment for him if Herr Wagner were to turn round, fierce, and attack him in reply. I fear that our "translator" would not put on so bold a face as Sigfried—when the tenor-singing dragon of the *Nibelungen*, "in the form of a monstrous squirrel-like serpent worm" (a combination that smells, by the way, strongly of J. V. B.), "rolls down to the front, emitting a loud gaping sound;" but rather—after gazing for a moment "with anxious polyscopy" (another J. V. B.-ism)—would turn tail and shout

"peccavi," as he "cut his stick." Fancy Wagner on Bridgeman, in place of Bridgeman on Wagner! The theme would be worthy a "rhyme" from the bistourial nibs of D. C.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Rochetaillée-sur-Saône, August 4.

T. DUFF SHORT.

TO ZAMIELS OWL, ESQ.

MY DEAR OWL,—In Shortman Duff's *Essay on the Pastoral in Music* there are some foot-notes, by Tidbury How, to which I would direct your attention. They have, I believe, been recently extracted from Duff's book and published separately, under the name of *Tidbury How on Pastoral Pedal*. The name is curious, the matter more curious. As examples of "Pastoral Pedal," How cites passages from divers composers. He begins at Handel. He touches at Beethoven. He stops at Auber. These three men he terms "the Princes of Pastoral Pedal." How (however) was unacquainted with Gounod, or he would have cited, as a queer specimen of "pastoral pedal," the opening of the introductory duet to the first act of *Philemon e Baucis*. I, my dear Owl, will supply the omission, begging you (and not your brother, who cannot aspire to your parts) to analyse and expound it:—



Expound of this "pastoral pedal" the portion which I have asterisked. I would also pray you to discuss the subjoined slice from the succeeding trio—for Philemon, Jupiter and Vulcan (same act):—



You will say, "there is enharmonic change;" I reply, my dear Owl—*tanto peggio*. Here, too, is more "pastoral pedal" (from same duet—which begins in A and ends in F), to which I solicit earnest attention:—



You will suggest, with your accustomed urbanity (so utterly foreign to your brother's more bustardish temperament), that the harmony at the commencement of the second bar, though *hasardé*, is purely "pastoral pedal." To which I answer—*tant pis*. I remain, my dear Owl, ornithologically yours,
Tadcaster, Aug. 4.

DISHLEY PETERS.

P.S.—To-day is Shelley's birth-day (Percy Bysshe I mean); and I am going to Great Marlowe. Shall you be there, to beat about the bush, with your pleasant but pointless irony, your ill puns, iller quips, and halting attempts at outrhyming D. C. the Rhymer? "Tu whit tu whoo"—I apprehend not. It is, nevertheless, the natal day of the poet Bysshe.
D. P.

NEW CHORAL-BOOKS.*

Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship: with appropriate Tunes. Revised and Edited by James Turle, Organist of Westminster Abbey. (Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.)

Hymns, Ancient and Modern, for use in the Service of the Church, with accompanying Tunes. Compiled and Arranged under the Musical Editorship of W. H. Monk, Organist of York Minster. Various Editions. (Novello & Co.)

ISSUED under the sanction of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and with the recommendation of Mr. Turle's name, the first-mentioned of these tune-books is certain to be adopted by hundreds of congregations, now that the good custom of placing the music as well as the words of a hymnal in the hands of the people is spreading so fast. Only in this way can church-singing be made what it ought to be; and the production of a reasonably good tune-book is a performance which deserves our best thanks. The task involved is very laborious, and one which brings little glory with it. No two people would make exactly the same selection; and no one psalmody, therefore, can ever be pronounced the best. But it may safely be said that Mr. Turle's book is, in the main, a thoroughly good one—assuming his principles of selection to be right, which no one can doubt who thinks that church-music should be bold, solemn and simple, strongly knit, joyous, and hearty, as the utterance of the voice of the "great congregation." The tunes and harmonies in this book have generally these characteristics. Of the 200 or more tunes many are directly from German sources; and a large number of these are at present scarcely known in England. This is a wholesome infusion of the element of solidity and vigor. The best, too, of the stock English tunes seem to be here; while those of what may be called the baser type, characteristic of about fifty years ago, have been studiously avoided. This book has the general air which might be expected in a product of the worthy old Society which has brought it out—an air of respectable churchmanship, orthodox and yet liberal, and free from party sentiment.

Dr. Monk's "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," of which a new edition, reduced in size and price, has been lately issued by Messrs. Novello (and which is mentioned here chiefly on that account), is too well-known to require description. It seems to us to be, in substance, about as good an English Choral-book for congregational use as could well be produced. Its pages have, however, a strong flavor of Anglicanism, which is a terror to thousands, as it is a merit in the eyes of hundreds, of clergymen and congregations. It is pervaded by a certain odour of mystical dogma which is a substitute for the unction of the Calvinistic school—a peculiar tincture of rapturous ecclesiasticism, replacing the warmth of personal "experiences." To those who object to these peculiarities, but like the character of Dr. Monk's selection, the newer book will probably be welcome. There are several points, however, in which Mr. Turle is open to criticism. His sense of the relation between the melody of a tune and the rhythm of a hymn seems somewhat faulty. For instance, in the case of the well-known tune generally sung to "Jerusalem the Golden," for what possible reason can he have written the music in 3-2 time, making the first syllable of each line of the hymn go to the first note of each alternative bar? The hymn given, "For thee, O dear, dear country," is essentially an iambic measure, as his index very properly puts it. To sing the words in this fashion—

For thee, O dear, dear country!

Mine eyes their vigils keep,

with a pause after each line, is an outrage upon the first principles of rhythm and accent. Of two things, one: either the tune is right and put to a wrong hymn, or, being right, it has been made wrong for the hymn given. It is certain that no congregation could be got to sing it as set by Mr. Turle. Another instance of bad rhythm is in the tune "Bedford," arranged in 3-2 to a hymn of common measure. Is not this tune usually given in common time? In practice, every congregation would inevitably and naturally sing it so. The drawing *see-saw* produced by the 3-2 time would be intolerable. In the matter of the adaptation of hymns to tunes Mr. Turle has used a license which many will think objectionable. To set, for instance, Worgan's old Easter tune to an Ascension hymn seems rather a needless interference with what has become almost an irreversible popular association. The book includes a good many tunes by the compiler. Some of them are certainly very good; instance the one called "Sanderlingham," which is both solid and sweet. Others are not so successful—for example, the new tune given to the hymn "Lo! He comes with clouds descending," which has the serious fault of an excessive compass in the soprano and tenor parts. We might note a few more points which seem to us blemishes upon an otherwise excellent piece of work. But the volume

* From *The Reader*.

has many merits which we have not space to enumerate. Externally and typographically, it is quite what such a book should be. To conclude with a query on a minute but interesting point: who was the author of the excellent tune "Adeste fideles"? Mr. Turle heads it John Reading (the author of *Dulce Domum*). "about 1680?" A memoir of Vincent Novello, which appeared a little time back in the *Musical Times*, mentioned that it was introduced at the Portuguese Ambassador's chapel at the beginning of the century, and was the composition of the English organist at that place.

R. B. L.

DISHLEIUS PETROSIUS, SHIRLEIO BROOKSIO.

Tue litteræ (Davisoni nomine)—breves ille quidem, sed in Zamelium Bubonem admodum lenes—recitatae sint in Tadaestro. Vehementer admiratus ego. Sed nemo (Grokerii Rooreseii similis), qui proferre litteras auderet, aut magistratibus reddere. Mihi non erat explicatum quid agerem; falsas dicerem?—quid si tu eas approbasses?—confirmarem?—non erat dignitatis tuae. Itaque ille dies silentio. Postridie autem, cum ferno increbuisset, GROKERIUS noster causae non defuit. Nec signum tuum in epistola, nec diem appositum—dixit: hoc cogere volebat falsas litteras esse; et, si queris, probabat. Video te delectari, et eum putare fructum esse maximum! *Fi done!*

Tadaestri.

DISHLEIUS PETROSIUS.

SHAKESPEARE IN FRENCH.—The 11th volume of Mr. François Victor Hugo's translation of the works of Shakespeare has appeared.

MDLLE. PAREPA is about to pay—for the first time we believe—a professional visit to Germany.

HERR J. GRAU, the well-known *impressario* of New York, has arrived in London *en route* for the continent, to engage artists for his forthcoming campaign.

PILOTY, the painter of "Nero on the Ruins of Burning Rome," has been commissioned by the King of Bavaria to paint a picture representing the ex-Queen of Naples during the siege of Gaeta, which is to be placed in the National Museum.

MR. SANTLEY.—Since our last, we understand that the engagement of this eminent barytone with Mr. Mapleson has been resiled. We have strong hopes, therefore, of seeing and hearing Mr. Santley at the Royal English Opera, and especially in Mr. Wallace's new work from which so much is expected.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Query*: When Signor Ronconi is gone, who shall replace him? *Answer*: Alessandro Bottero, of Milan, is the finest comic singer of the day, with a splendid bass voice and a perfect intonation. The only really fit to replace not only Ronconi, but Lablache.—P. P.

MORITZ VON SCHWIND has been engaged by a Vienna banker to adorn his *salon* by wall-paintings, illustrating Franz Schubert's compositions. An ardent lover of music himself, and an intimate friend of the composer Schwind, whose brilliant illustration to Beethoven's *Fantasia*, Op. 81, and composition to Mozart's "Figaro" belong to his most famous works, he is certainly about the only man who could do full justice to the honorable although somewhat original task entrusted to him by the rich art-enthusiast.

COOKHAM.—On Friday evening last, the Berkshire Volunteers (who have been encamped here during the week) gave an evening concert, at the camp, at Cookham, when a Vocal Sestett Union, consisting of the following gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, St. George's, Windsor, and Eton College, viz.: Messrs. Adams, Marriott, Dyson, Whiffin, Whitehouse, and Lambert, were engaged. The glees, "Hail, smiling morn" and "Willie brew'd," were admirably performed. The gems, however, were "The cloud-capt towers," Stevens; and the part-songs, "Twilight," Hatton; and "Soft music," Pax; the two latter being encored. The volunteer songs were, also, well sung, and during the evening, twenty members of the 6th Glamorganshire Rifle Volunteers gave two Welsh songs with choruses, with great spirit, and the performance concluded with the National Anthem.—*From the Reading Mercury, August 1st, 1863.*

PRAGUE.—According to report, Mdle. Adeline Patti will sing here three or four times during the month of August.

WEIMAR.—After having become acquainted with the score of *Les Troïens*, the Grand Duchess sent Berlioz a most enthusiastic letter accompanied by a diamond ring.

VIENNA.—The local journals state that Mr. Benedict's opera, *The Lily of Killarney*, under its new title of *La Rose d'Erin*, will be produced at the Grand Opera, on the 18th inst., the anniversary of the birth of the Emperor.

WIESBADEN.—The season is now at its height. The number of visitors are about 18,000. On an average, three hundred arrive every day. In the crowd frequenting the Park, the "Kursaal," and the banks of the Lake, nearly all the languages of Europe are to be heard. The number of *virtuosi* is legion. The Vocal Association for male Voices, from Cologne, has given two concerts, which were splendidly attended.

FLORENCE.—On the occasion of the fête of its patron Saint, Meyerbeer made a present to this city of a Grand Chorus, with orchestral accompaniment, entitled: "Hymn to Jupiter." At the same time, he forwarded the following short note: "As it is impossible that I can banish from my mind the memory of a city which thought fit to encourage my first impression in the domain of music, and has never since ceased to esteem my works, I send the accompanying composition as a testimony of my unalterable sympathy."

AMSTERDAM.—A grand National Vocal Festival is announced for the fourth and fifth day of the present month. Herren R. Hol and R. Collin will act as conductors. Three-and-twenty associations have promised to take part in the proceedings. The programme will contain compositions by Herren Hol, Hauptmann, Verhulst, Heinz, and Berlijn, besides the "Soldiers' chorus" from M. Gounod's *Faust*. The Aurora Association, Her Hol, director; and the Association of Male Voices, Herr Schaik, director, both from Utrecht, will, moreover, execute some new pieces from the pens of the two above-named gentlemen.

Advertisements.

A PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, residing in the Country. has a Vacancy for an Articled Pupil. For particulars, &c., address "The Organist," Arundel, Sussex.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES AMONG THE FACTORIES AT HALIFAX.—"A pleasing incident occurred in this vast chamber filled with a congregation of girls busy at their work. As the Prince entered no more notice was taken of him than of any other individual. The girls drove their trade most unconcernedly, but from end to end of the room a song was heard, passed from machine to machine, and spreading around the machinery—heard everywhere—perceptibly coming from nowhere. It was Brinley Richard's song 'God bless the Prince of Wales.' The effect of this subdued but perfect harmony amidst all the bustle and life of the busy scene was extremely touching, and highly relished by the Prince and his companions."—*Morning Post*, August 5.

N.B. Price of the song with chorus (as sung by Mr. Sims Reeves), 3s. As a four part song, Twopence. For Military Band by A. F. Godfrey, 4s.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS, for the Piano, fingered by John Bishop. In Six Books, each 4s.; or in One Volume complete, 12s.

It has been constantly remarked by the most eminent teachers, as well as by the press, that this edition is very superior to all others, inasmuch as Mr. Bishop has rendered these admired compositions comparatively easy of performance by his judicious mode of fingering.

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TO TEACHER'S OF MUSIC.—Just published, a SELECT CATALOGUE (enlarged edition) of PIANOFORTE and VOCAL MUSIC, expressly for the use of teachers. Supplied gratis and post free. Application must be made for the "Green Catalogue," and must be accompanied by the applicant's professional card.

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'Israel's Return from Babylon.'

which was performed with such eminent success a short time since at Exeter Hall, with the aid of Mademoiselle TITIENS and Mr. SIMS REEVES. It is about to be reproduced at the Worcester Festival on a scale of very great magnificence, and the Publishers are glad to announce that the complete work will be ready for sale in time for this important performance.

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